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# THE TWO T. J'S,

## A FARCE

IN ONE ACT,

—BY—

MARTIN BEECHER.

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CLYDE, OHIO:
A. D. AMES, PUBLISHER.

## THE TWO T. J'S.

First performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, under the management of Mr. F. B. Chatterton, on Saturday, September 23, 1871.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mr. Themistocles Judd, (*a learned author*).....Mr. J. Francis
Tom Jsrvis.....Mr. W. Terriss
Mr. Nathaniel Nokes.....Mr. Ersser Jones
Detective.....Mr. Milton

Lotty.....Miss Maud Howard
Mrs. Clapper.....Mrs Power

---

SCENE—An ordinary room with two practicable doors.

---

TIME—The Present.

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# COSTUMES OF THE DAY.

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# THE TWO T. J'S.

SCENE.—*Room discovered at rise of curtain.*

*Enter Mrs. Clapper,* L., *carrying candles, followed by Themistocles Judd.*

*Mrs. C.* (*puts candles on table*) There sir, I thought when you called yesterday you'd come again—if it's quiet lodgings you're in search of, there's no need to look any further. This cottage you see, is quite at the back of my house. Many's the gentleman as have worked there for their examination, and what not. All to yourself—no noise—and a private way out here, (*points* R.) if you don't wish to use the front door.

*Judd.* Ha, your catalogue of advantages, madam, seems almost too good, too good to be true. I am an author, madam; this brain is daily laboring for the benefit of my fellow creatures. But there are drawbacks in great cities. Powerful evils—shall I say organs? or need I specify Teutonic bands, and peripatetic venders of homely necessities? "Twas but yesterday my refutation of the Darwinian theory suscombed entirely to a miserable monkey with a tambourine.

*Mrs. C.* You'll find no organs and monkeys to trouble you here, sir, How long might you require these apartments?

*Judd.* Say, a fortnight, madam; I've seen nothing better, so I think I'll close with you at once, and remain here, now. Ha? excuse me one instant—I've an idea! (*rushes to table, takes out large Mss. and writes.*

*Mrs. C.* (*aside*) What an extraordinary gentleman! Let me see—a fortnight—that would do very well. Mr. Tom Jarvis said he would be away quite three weeks, and as a lone widow, I've a right to make money off his rooms, even if he does pay all the same.

*Judd.* Charming! this place suits me. The healthy action of the brain returns in all its vigor. I take this room on your own terms, madam; only mind—I'm not to be disturbed—don't pester me with inquiries as to what I'll eat, or how I'll sleep, here's my pabulum, (*strikes Mss.*) and here's my couch. This is a fortunate meeting for you; some day a tablet will adorn the front of your modest house—the inscription on it: "Here once lived Themistocles Judd." Go, I would be alone!

*Mrs. C.* Hem! it's usual sir to ask for reference—not that I——

*Judd.* References! What have I to do with references? When the glorious orb of day streams with unsullied beam through your vitreous apertures, do you stop to ask whence he comes? Oh, I am rarely in the cue to-night—here (*gives money*) take gold—that is the reference which satisfies the cravings of the earthly mind—is it enough?

*Mrs. C.* Oh, yes, sir, perfectly satisfactory; there's the bell sir, in case you *should* want anything—(*aside*)—he's a great man, I'm certain; somebody of consequence, I should think; I don't understand half what he says; and as he dosen't want anything, why I'll step around to Mrs. Hopkins' for our usual tripe supper. Good night, sir. (*exit* L.

*Judd.* Now for a long night's work—this room has often seen the efforts of hackneyed labor, striving to instil into the brain the dogmas of other sages; on this occasion it shall see genius breaking its bonds, and gushing out in original channels. Ha! where was I (*rapping heard on door* R.)

U. OF ILL. LIB.

Dear me. What's that? It sounds like—a hammering of nail. Thank goodness, it stops. Let me see—[*rapping heard*] Now this is too bad, just as I had arranged all my ideas. (*stop rapping*) Now then—[*rapping a gain*] The deuce take this human woodpecker! There must be a carpenter's shop or an undertaker out behind here. If there is, that woman's a swindler! I'll have my money returned! Confound the noise! I'll investigate. (*opens door* R.

*Enter, suddenly,* R. *Nathaniel Nokes.*

*Nokes.* Villiain! Mongrel! Serpent! I am her father! Tremble, sir, at this concentration of accumulated rage, and when you've trembled sufficiently, tell me where she is.

*Judd.* This passes all I ever experienced. I say, I'll trouble you to walk out again. As you claim to be a father, which I have always understood to be a most trying position, I will overlook the uncomplimentary epithets which you've addressed to me, but—

*Nokes.* Fellow, do you see this stick?

*Judd.* Old gentleman, I do, and unless I greatly mistake, I heard it not long since, wood-peckering on my door.

*Nokes.* Hold—let us approach this matter calmly. You admit this to be your room, and your landlady to be Mrs. Clapper?

*Judd.* No doubt of it.

*Nokes.* Hang me if you aint a cool scoundrel. I must say it, or I feel I shall explode. I've had the detectives after you, my friend, for some time; but you see I've done *them*, for I've run you down myself. You were devilish clever, T. J.—thought you'd got clear off, and left no trace, but that misguided girl dropped this [*shows letter*] in her room; so here I am, nearly as soon as you. Now we've wasted time enough already—where is she?

*Judd.* We have. In your case it's no consequence; but in mine, it is manhood which suffers. I've already made allowance for your feelings, and listened with patience to your incoherent remarks.

*Nokes* You've acted your part to the life. You wouldn't let me in until you'd hidden her and removed every trace: wouldn't have opened the door at all, if you hadn't thought my persistent efforts with this stick would rouse the neighborhood on you. Come, now—are you a villain, or are you my son-in-law?

*Judd.* Unquestionbly not the first—thank heaven not the last.

*Nokes.* How? If you are not the last, you must be the first. Will you produce my daughter man?

*Judd.* If I were not, an even tempered man, I should throw you out of the window to find her. Listen! I am an author ———

*Nokes.* Of all my misery—I know you are.

*Judd.* I've come to this spot for quiet—do you mark that?—to macerate my brain in solitude. I know nothing of your offspring, and I command you to begone at once.

*Nokes.* All mighty fine, for anybody that's fool enough to believe it; I don't. T. J. you're a deep un. Perhaps however, yon'll say you're not T. J.

*Judd.* It savors somewhat of vulgarity—but there is no necessity for me to deny the initials letters of my name *are* T. J.

*Nokes.* Ah ha! It's something to get you to admit that. Let's try again. I'll board you on another track. You're not to be bullied into confessing. I haul down my flag. Will you permit a broken-hearted parent to embrace his chey-ild? Bring her forth and let me see you kneel together, that I may give yon my blessing.

*Judd.* I shall do something the reverse of blessing *you,* if you don't immediately walk out. Old gentleman, have you any idea of the value of time? Do you know that these moments you are losing with your tomfoolery, are golden?

*Nokes.* Walk out, indeed! Not without seeing her, I'll be hanged if I do. [*calls*] Charlotte, come out; I forgive you, only come out and let me see you!

*Judd.* Stop this infernal row, sir, and be off! This is heart-breaking! just as I had settled down to work, inspired with the subject, too.

*Nokes.* Conspired? Of course you have—it's all a vile conspiracy. Charlotte, if you don't come out, I'll break every bone in this fellow's skin.

*Judd.* Look here, I'm not wrathful; but if you hinder me any longer, I shall fall upon you and put you forth.

*Nokes* Don't I say I'll forgive you; what more do you want?

*Judd.* I want you to go, and take your lunatic utterances somewhere else.

*Nokes.* You'll repent this my fine fellow —you're driving away your best friend. But I *will* go now, and you shall here of me in another style· (*calls*) Charlotte, you'd better come out—I'm off for good.

*Judd.* That's the most sensible thing you've said yet. Seek your friends, and get them to take care of you.

*Nokes.* You conceited ape! I'll lower your pride. You've refused my overtures: see how you'll like the next move in the game. [*exit* R.

*Judd.* The most remarkable specimen of insanity at large I ever had the bad fortune to encounter. [*sits at table*] Now to make up the loss occasioned by this miserable interruption. Ha, there are two ways of placing my next proposition; let met reflect which will be the better.

*Enter Tom Jarvis, with carpet bag, and Lottie, door* R.

*Tom.* Here we are, Lottie, safe home at last, and (*sees Judd*) Who the devil are you?

*Judd.* (*looks up*) What, some one else? This is past a joke you know. Omitting the Satanic allusion, perhaps you'll have the goodness to state your business here.

*Tom.* My business! What a neat inquiry to put to a man in his own house! Just you tumble out, now, as rapidly as possible, and we'll argue the question this day six months.

*Judd.* Young man you're inebriated—I refused to hold converse with you. Maiden, there's some mistake here, you've come to the wrong house.

*Lot.* Oh, Tom, dear, is this so? You surely can't have made a mistake.

*Tom.* Now is it likely that I don't know my own rooms? Lottie, its this respectable grampus that's committed the error. Will you just explain your right to be sitting there comfortable at my table?

*Judd.* Some neighboring lunatic asylum must have vomited forth its inhabitants to worry me to-night. Young man I am sitting at my *own* table; this room, in accordance with statutory edicts, is my castle. I beg you therefore to depart peacefully, and leave me to myself.

*Tom.* Well, I've met a variety of people in my time, but that lofty style beats all. Lottie, these *are* my rooms, if there's any virtue in paying rent. (*begins to take off coat*) We'll soon see who's the rightful possessor.

*Lot.* Oh, Tom, dear, don't fight. This gentleman seems reasonable. Of course, he'll go at once, when he finds he's no business to be here. (*to Judd*) Please don't excite him, sir. You'll go away this minute—won't you? Now don't stand on ceremony, there's a good man. You must have expected to be tuned out when the real proprietor came.

*Judd.* She's insane too. Madam, I am the real proprietor. You are strangely deceived in this matter. Pray persuade your companion to go and set up a claim somewhere else—anywhere but here. You see I'm determined; I refuse to move; I won't budge an inch.

*Tom.* Won't you though? I shall now proceed to cover you with confusion as with a garment. I'll summon old mother Clapper. I didn't want to see her till to-morrow; but if I must—why I must, so here goes! (*pulls bell violently*) We'll hear what she has to say to this jolly arrangement.

*Lot.* But my dear Tom, how precipitate you are! What are you going to say to explain my presence here? You say she knows nothing yet.

*Tom.* Don't be frightened Lottie. Who could have foreseen that a dis-

mal cuckoo like that would come creeping in here to turn me out of my own nest? Besides I may as well have it out with her at once, and say I have brought a nice little wife home with me to share my rooms.

*Lot.* Yes, but if it's necessary to share that solemn looking mortal along with them, I think I should prefer to give up both.

*Tom.* I'll make it all right, never fear. Wait until old Mother Clapper comes. (*puts head out of door* L.—*shouts*) Mrs. Clapper!

*Judd.* And this is a specimen of quiet lodgings.

*Tom.* Let's see—this is Tuesday! She's gone off to her usual tripe supper with Mrs. Hopkins round the corner; and Sarah Jane the kitchen maid is imbibing sentiments of esteem—and porter—with the policeman at the top of the area steps. Yes, that's it; I know the ways of the house. (*to Judd*) Here I say—who *are* you?

*Judd.* Don't shout at me, young man. You'll find I'm not to be put down by clamor. If however, there's any chance of it's facilitating your departure, there's my card. (*gives card.*

*Tom.* (*to Lottie*) I'll try humoring him. (*to Judd*) Mr. Thomas-tockles Judd, I think I was a little hasty when I came in. Allow me to apologize. This an unpleasant business, and you see what an awkward dilemma I'm placed in. I put it to your gentlemanly feeling. I've brought home my wife, so perhaps you wont mind leaving us in possession for to-night, and we'll have it made all right to-morrow.

*Lot.* Oh, yes, Mr. Judd, you will—wont you? Do you notice what a benevolent expression of countenance Mr. Judd has, Tom? I think we mite confide our little secret to him, and ask his advice before he goes.

*Judd.* Do you mean to tell me that you imagine I am going to turn out of my apartment to find another at this time of night?

*Tom.* No, no; I only ask you to get along out of mine.

*Judd.* Then I preemptorily decline. Now see here my good young people; let me explain how important it is you shouldn't hinder me any longer. I am laboring for your benefit—for the benefit of society at large—you're injuring your fellow men by interrupting me; indeed you are.

*Tom.* Bother our fellow men! Charity begins at home, you know. Here Lotty, get Mr. Judd his hat, and don't keep him talking when he's anxious to go.

*Lot.* We won't detain him a minute. Good bye—so glad to have met you. Mind you don't take cold.

*Judd.* Young man you must hear me! I'm an author. To compile such mighty arguments as will crush the heretic notious now rampant in the world, absolute quiet is necessary, I searched for it through London; I found it as I thought at this place. What is the result? Incessant interruption! A glorious opportunity rises to your hand—to-night I am in the vein. Leave me then; hasten away to the shelter of some other domicile; and earn the thanks of thousands of hesitating and doubting mortals. You are convinced I see; set out at once therefore.

*Tom.* Won't do, old boy! You talk like a three-volume novel; but its thrown away upon me. This is a dead lock; and if you wont slope, we must revert to the original scheme. Trial by battle only can decide which is the rightful claimant. What do you say—are you game to fight?

*Judd.* If author I am still English; and when did an Englishman refuse to fight in a just cause? So, although somewhat out of practice, I'll do my best.

*Lot.* Oh, please don't. You'll send me into hysterics if you talk in that bloodthirsty manner, and it takes several people to hold me when I have them badly.

*Judd.* Stay! I've an idea! [*rushes to table and writes.*

*Lot.* [*to Tom*] I wish, Tom dear, you'd explain to me what it all means.

*Tom.* [*to Lotty*] I'm a poor man, Lotty, but I'd give five shillings to any one who would enlighten *me*. Mrs. Clapper would hardly venture to let my rooms, when I pay for them regularly, and yet this walking bookcase seems as much at home as if he had a perfect right to be here.

*Lot.* What's to be done then? Hadn't we better go? This is like what papa calls a 'Joint Stock Company.'

*Tom* 'Unlimited—and with power to add to the number.' So it is; but I won't be turned out of my own rooms. You see he wants to be quiet now if he wont go, we must kick up an awful row and induce him to seek safety in flight, Do you understand?

*Lot.* Yes, make it hot for him, as my brother Jack says; but dont let us have any fighting.

*Tom.* All right! [*to Judd*] Now, I've waited patiently for that idea you talked about. What is it?

*Judd.* Would you like to hear? So you shall. It decides this question conclusively.

*Tom.* That's good—fire away then.

*Judd.* (*reading*) "Practically considering, therefore, the solid basis on "which the history of the world's formation is immovably fixed, the rat-"iocination of enlightened but skeptical detractors only tends to——

*Tom.* I say, couldn't you manage to leave out the hard words, and come to the point at once?

*Judd.* You interrupt me—it's all point.

*Tom.* But how will it settle which of us is to keep this room?

*Judd.* Pshaw, what have I to do with such petty affairs as the proprietorsbip of a paltry room. That is not *my* business.

*Tom.* Oh, isn't it? I look upon it as particularly mine. Now come, I'll make one more offer; I'll toss you for the privilege of remaining here.

*Judd.* Oh, silly youth! how can you lend your mind, if you have one, to the consideration of such low pursuits.

*Tom.* You wont? Then to prove to you that I have a mind, I've made it up to stick here like a barnacle. Come Lotty, we'll make ourselves comfortable, and begin to spend the evening.

*Judd.* This is too bad! Where is that hypocritical old Jezebel who owns these *quiet* lodgings? (*rings bell*) However, until I get you turned out, I insist on your keeping an unbroken silence. (*sits*

*Lot.* Couldn't we have something to eat Tom? I'm dreadfully hungry after the journey, and you said we should have supper as soon as we got home.

*Tom.* Supper? Of course we will. Where's my basket? (*produces things from basket*) Here you are Lotty—such a scrumptious pork pie! and a bottle of that tip top wine—where did I put the glasses? Oh, here they are! (*helps Lotty to pie and wine*) Now, (*points over shoulder to Judd*) —just to enliven us, you shall hear the speech I'd have made if we'd had a wedding breakfast, which we didn't. (*very loud*) "Ladies and gentlemen—the proud privilege which the ceremony of this morning has conferred upon me, endows me with eloquence suitable to the occasion———"

*Lot.* Hear, hear!

*Judd.* *Will* you be quiet? I dont want to hear—I insist on your making less noise.

*Tom.* "Unquestionably man was intended by nature for a marrying animal———

*Lot.* Bravo!

*Tom.* "And having carried out the intention of nature in this respect myself, I earnestly call upon all bachelors present to follow my example."

*Lot.* That's a first rate argument, Tom. Why didn't we have breakfast?—it would have been such fun!

*Tom.* Never mind Lotty, we'll be married over again some day on purpose to have one.

*Judd.* (*rises*) Now look here; my disposition is placid—but you may go to far. How do you imagine I can concentrate my mind upon the great work, in the midst of all this din and clatter? I wont have it!

*Lot.* Mr. Judd, are you a bachelor.

*Judd.* Of course I am!

*Lot.* Then shut up work to-night, like a good old thing, and come and listen to Tom. It's splendid! You'll be converted from such benighted ideas, and, like the prince in the fairy tale, live happy ever after.

*Judd.* If I could possibly be so demented, young woman, I should hang myself immediately afterwards. Don't worry me with your frivolous conversation. Let me beg of you not to break the chain of powerful thought which is just now developing in my brain. (*sits*

*Tom.* (*with comic gravity*) Not by any means. Lotty, the gentleman is suffering from something on the brain—(*aside*)—and he's getting very tired of us. He'll give in directly and go, depend upon it.

*Lot.* I'm afraid you're too sanguine. You see he's settled down again, as hard at work as ever.

*Tom.* Then we must try another dodge.

*Enter Detective door* R., *shutting it.*

*Judd.* Who's this? Ha, ha! more proprietors of these *quiet* lodgings! I firmly believe they are common property!

*Tom.* Hallo, who the deuce are you supposed to be when you are at home?

*Det.* (*mysteriously*) T. J., eh? *One* o' you gents'll understand.
(*Tom puts on Judd's broad brimmed hat.*

*Judd.* (*aside*) T. J. He must be looking after that old lunatic with the stick. (*aloud*) If you belong to the asylum, my good man, the man you want left here half an hour ago.

*Det. Did* he! Thank you, you are kind. The asylum I belong to is anxious to accomodate one o' you two. Which of you has bolted with a young lady from her father's house? 'Cos there's a charge of robbery and abduction to be met, that's all.

*Judd.* I see, that must be the gentleman. Young ladies are quite out of my line.

*Det.* Gammon!

*Lot.* (*aside*) Tom dear, we're discovered, but I'll never leave you.

*Tom.* Hush! here, I've a plan to gain time. (*Whispers to her.*

*Lot.* Yes, yes, I understand! I'll do it!

*Tom.* (*to detective*) I should imagine from what I've heard that *that* is the party you're in search of. (*points to Judd*

*Judd.* What?

*Det.* I guessed he was a sweet toothed 'un!

*Judd.* Restrain your impertinence sir! Why don't you take the young scamp when he's standing there before you?—(*aside*)—and leave me quietly alone at last!

*Tom.* Clever dodge! Trying to put it on to me, are you? If it's either of us two, Sargeant, there's your man!

*Det.* Well now, look here! I'll settle it for myself. Which o' you two lives here?

*Tom.*
*Judd.* } (*pointing at each other, together*) He does!

*Det.* Eh?

*Tom.* There's the proprietor. He's very positive about it too. I'm only a visitor.

*Judd.* The —the rooms are this person's. I fear I've been a trespasser.

*Det.* Oh that don't make it plain. Well then, this shall. (*to Lotty*) Your husband 'll get transported, sure, so you'd better wish him a long good bye afore I take him away.

*Lot.* (*throws herself in Judd's arms*) Oh, my own T. J.! Further concealment is useless. They will tear you from these loving arms, and I shall die. Without you I shall droop and fade. To think my cruel parent should thus blight our happiness, before it had time to blossom!

*Judd.* Hallo, I say! This is too much you know!

*Lot.* It is, is it! How can I bear it? Bid him begone. We will *not* be separated!

*Det.* There ain't much doubt now, I think. Oh, you sly dog, and you most persuaded me that it was this gent.

*Judd.* Young woman, I should be loth to inflict bodily injury upon you, but if you don't move, I shall be compelled to drop you on the floor. (*Lotty disengages herself*) Listen to me officer! I am an author, with monastic feelings towards the other sex. This maiden speaks falsely when she addresses me as "her T. J."

*Lot.* And has it come to this? After all your vows of constancy and affection! Do you desert me at the first adverse breeze, because you fear a prison? Oh, faithless man, why did I leave my home for you?

*Det.* Don't take on so mum, pr'aps things 'ull turn out better than you expect. (*to Judd*) Now, then! I'm satisfied; so I'll thank you to look out.

*Judd.* (*to Tom*) *Will* you speak the truth, you confounded young hypocrite? Don't you *know* this woman's not my wife?

*Tom.* T. J., old fellow, I'd do most anything to serve you, but it's no use. You'd better go quietly.

*Judd.* There's one chance yet. (*rings bell furiously*) This old woman will establish my innocence conclusively.

*Tom.* (*aside*) By Jove! I never thought of old Mother Clapper. If the tripe supper's over, I'm in a tight place.

*Enter Mrs. Clapper—she is aghast at seeing Tom, and the others.*

*Mrs. C.* (*aside*) Well, if that Mr. Tom Jarvis hasent been and come back afore his time. Whatever shall I do?

*Judd.* Now, madam, the opportunity presents itself to you for establishing innocence and thwarting guilt. Say, is this young woman *my* wife or the wife of that man opposite? (*points to Tom*

*Mrs. C.* Good gracious! She certainly isn't his wife—I can answer for that.

*Judd.* (*astonished*) Amazing! They're all alike!

*Det.* I don't want any more proofs. Come, I charge you formally with robbery and abduction.

*Mrs. C.* Robbery?—it's horful! Who's he been robbin'?

*Tom.* Musn't be too hard on him, Mrs. Clapper. The robbery only means carrying off a pretty girl like that.

*Mrs. C.* Pretty girl, indeed!—the minx! How often have you heard me say, Mr. Tom, as no young girls should ever darken my doors; and here, I jist let this swindlin' feller have your rooms for a night or so, till I can put him somewhere else, and he goes and brings a feminine female woman in unbeknowingly.

*Tom.* (*aside*) That's a pleasant prospect for me, when I begin to unfold my misdeeds to her. (*loud knocking door* R.

*Judd.* I ought to know that sound. It's the lunatic returned. You'd better open the door. He'll never leave till you do. (*Det. opens door*

*Enter Nokes, door* R.

*Lot.* (*aside*) Papa here! Then we are fairly ruined!

*Tom.* (*aside*) Lotty's governor! I'll prepare for Newgate!

*Nokes.* (*to Judd*) Well, T. J., you don't look quite so bounceable as you did a while ago. I told you I'd bring your pride down. So you're there Lotty? And you could leave me without a word, for such a fellow as this?

*Lot.* Oh, papa———

*Nokes.* There, I'd rather not hear your excuses—you've made your choice. [*aside*] But I'm deuced glad to see her again, the little hussy!

*Tom.* [*to Nokes*) I think sir, if you will listen to me———

*Nokes.* Shant do any such thing! I've nothing to do with you, and don't want to have. You're a bad lot, I can see with half an eye.

*Tom.* But———

*Nokes.* Hold your tongue sir! Here, Lotty,—(*leads her to Judd*)—Since you have done me the honor to marry my daughter, whether I would or no———

*Judd.* This is a conspiracy to palm a wife off upon me. You idiotic

specimen of humanity, I haven't married your daughter, or any other man's daughter.

*Nokes.* Ha! villain, and you dare to tell me this to my face?

*Det.* It's all right Mr. Nokes. Dont be excited. You see this is a sulky sort of a chap; lady was in his arms a minute ago. Bless you, he'll confess sooner than go to prison.

*Lot.* Oh, papa, it's all a mistake! This isn't my husband!

*Det.* Not your husband, mum? Well, I'm peculiarly blowed!

*Nokes.* [*pulls out letter*] You took yourself off with T. J., and there he stands—plain enough, I think.

*Tom.* If you'll only hear me, sir, I want to confess to you that I am the T. J. of that letter, and this is my dear little wife. [*they kneel*] Please be merciful and forgive us.

*Mrs. C.* Gracious heavens! Here's pretty news!

*Nokes.* [*to Judd*] Then who the devil are you?

*Judd.* A much ill used man! A victim to a swindling landlady and half a dozen maniacs, who have robbed mankind of one whole evening's work.

*Nokes.* But what's your name, man?

*Judd.* Fame's trumpet will one day give it to the world. I am Themistocles Judd!

*Nokes.* (*to Tom*] Then what's yours.

*Tom.* Tom Jarvis.

*Nokes.* Ha, ha, ha! I see it all. You both live here, and I've made a jolly old fool of myself. Capital joke, I declare—ha, ha, ha!

*Judd.* Joke! Not even a case of weak intellect—he has no intellect at all.

*Mrs. C.* I'll put a good face on it before they begin to ask questions. [*aloud*] Mr. Tom, I congratulate you and this lady. [*to Nokes*] They are a interestin couple now, aint they sir?

*Nokes.* Yes, I suppose I must forgive them. [*takes their hands*] We'll have a glorious supper to wind up the mistake, and drink success to the two T. J's.

CURTAIN.


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ACT IV.—Home of Susan Tabitha—Sallie—Discovery of Joshua's poverty--Susan's anger and disappointment--"Can we get up?"-Susan cuffs Joshua's ears—Dinner—"Can we eat dinner?"—Susan relates her experience to Sallie—Telegram—Arrival and cool reception of Charles Westfield and wife—Joshua sleeps—Susan knocks over his chair, pulls his hair—A bank check—Susan's promise.—Happy ending.

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ACT II.—SCENE 1st.—News of cousin Charlie, an old lover of Millie's—Gyp and Siah's soda water, an amusing scene—Priscilla, her horror of being kissed by "a man"—Millie vindicates herself by revealing the secret of her life to Charlie, which is heard by Daville—Gyp—Meeting of Millie and Daville—Daville reveals Millie's secret to Isadore, his betrothed—Comic scene between Gyp and Siah.

ACT III.—SCENE 1st.—Evil designs of Daville and Isadore—Millie, the child of old Harriet, the slave—Meeting of Isadore and Harriet, her threat, "You are my child"—Isadore attempts her murder by pushing her over the cliff; she is rescued by Daville—Isadore reveals her love for Fred, which Millie and Charlie overhear—Millie's anguish and final blow—"No wife, a slave!"—Quarrel of Daville and Charlie—Isadore's search for the body of old Harriet. SCENE 2d.—Escape of Charlie—A piece of Priscilla's mind—Her promise to Millie—Oath of Isadore—Millie's flight. SCENE 3d.—Daville gives an account of the shooting and supposed flight of Millie with Charlie—Priscilla on her mettle—Supposed suicide of Milllie—A LAPSE OF SEVEN YEARS.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1st.—Daville accuses Isadore, now Mrs. Grover, of Harriet's murder—Millie, as Sister Agnes, the French governess—Return of Charlie—Fred's anger and Priscilla's interference. SCENE 2d.—Charlie disguised as old Nathan—Millie's letter found which explains her flight—Fred's remorse—Daville and Isadore recognize Millie—Their plot against her discovered by old Nathan.

ACT V.—SCENE 1st.—Southern Plantation—Priscilla discovers Sister Agnes, as Millie—Her anger at being kissed by a nigger—Daville threatens Isadore with slavery—Attempted murder of Priscilla—Scene between Gyp and Siah. SCENE 2d.—Millie a slave—Daville offers her marriage—Millie tied to the whipping post—Her rescue by Gyp. SCENE 3d.—Millie and Gyp in the swamp—Attempted capture—Rescued by Charlie—Old Harriet clears the mystery of Millie and Isadore's birth—"There is but one way left, death"—Arrest of Daville—Death of Charlie—Reconciliation of Fred and Millie, who is freed from bondage.

# Ames' Plays---Continued.

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| 65 | An Unwelcome Return | 3 | 1 |
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| 21 | A Romant c Attachment | 3 | 3 |
| 123 | A Thrilling Item | 3 | 1 |
| 20 | A Ticket of Leave | 3 | 2 |
| 175 | Betsey B ker | 2 | 2 |
| 8 | Better Half | 5 | 2 |
| 86 | Black vs. White | 4 | 2 |
| 22 | Captain Smith | 3 | 3 |
| 84 | Cheek Will Win | 3 | 0 |
| 25 | Cupi s Capers | 4 | 4 |
| 49 | Der Two Surprises | 1 | 1 |
| 72 | Deuce is in Him | 5 | 1 |
| 19 | Did I Dream it | 4 | 3 |
| 42 | Dom s ic Felicity | 1 | 1 |
| 188 | Dutch Pr ze Fi ht r | 3 | 0 |
| 220 | Dutchy vs. Nigger | 3 | 0 |
| 148 | Eh? W at Did You Say | 3 | 1 |
| 218 | Everybody Astonished | 4 | 0 |
| 224 | Fooling with the Wrong Man | 2 | 1 |
| 233 | Freezing a Mother-in-Law | 2 | 1 |
| 154 | Fun in a Post Office | 4 | 2 |
| 184 | Family Discipline | 0 | 1 |
| 109 | Goose with the Golden Eggs | 5 | 3 |
| 13 | Give Me My Wife | 3 | 3 |
| 66 | Hans, the Dutch J. P. | 3 | 1 |
| 116 | Hash | 4 | 2 |
| 120 | H. M. S. Plum | 1 | 1 |
| 103 | How Sister Paxey got her Child B ptiz d | 2 | 1 |
| 50 | How She ha Own Way | 1 | 3 |
| 140 | How He Popped the Quest'n. | 1 | 1 |
| 74 | How t Tame M-in-Law | 4 | 2 |
| 35 | How Stout Your Getting | 5 | 2 |
| 47 | In the Wrong Box | 3 | 0 |
| 95 | In the Wrong Clothes | 5 | 3 |
| 11 | John Smith | 5 | 3 |
| 89 | Jumbo Jum | 4 | 3 |
| 82 | Kill ng T me | 1 | 1 |
| 182 | Kittie' Wedding Cake | 1 | 3 |
| 27 | Lick Skillet Wedding | 2 | 2 |
| 228 | Lauderbach's Little Surprise | 3 | 0 |
| 106 | Lodgings for Two | 3 | 0 |
| 139 | Matrimonial Bliss | 1 | 1 |
| 231 | Match or a Mother-in-Law | 2 | 2 |
| 235 | More Blunders than one | 4 | 3 |
| 69 | Mother's Fool | 6 | 1 |
| 1 | Mr. and Mrs. Pringle | 7 | 4 |
| 158 | Mr. Hudson's Tiger Hunt | 1 | 1 |
| 23 | My Heart's in Highlands | 4 | 3 |
| 208 | y Prec ous Betsey | 4 | 4 |
| 212 | My Turn Next | 4 | 3 |
| 32 | M Wife' Relations | 4 | 4 |
| 186 | My Day and Now-a-Days | 0 | 1 |
| 44 | Obedience | 1 | 2 |
| 244 | Old Clothes | 3 | 0 |
| 33 | On the Sly | 3 | 2 |
| 246 | Or ello | 4 | 1 |
| 57 | Paddy Miles' Boy | 5 | 2 |
| 217 | Paten Washing Machine | 4 | 1 |
| 165 | Persecuted Dutchman | 6 | 3 |
| 195 | Poor Pilicody | 2 | 3 |
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| 159 | Quiet Family | 4 | 4 |
| 171 | Rough Diamond | 4 | 3 |
| 180 | Ripples | 2 | 0 |
| 48 | Sch aps | 1 | 1 |
| 138 | Sewing Circle of P riod | 0 | 5 |
| 115 | S. H. A. M. P nafore | 3 | 3 |
| 55 | Somebody's Nobody | 3 | 2 |
| 247 | Sports on a Lark | 3 | 0 |
| 232 | Stage Struck Yankee | 4 | 2 |
| 238 | Strawberry Sh rtcake | 2 | 0 |
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| 40 | Th t Mysterious B'dle | 2 | 2 |
| 245 | Ticket Taker | 3 | 0 |
| 38 | T e Bewitched Closet | 5 | 2 |
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| 101 | The C ming Man | 3 | 1 |
| 167 | Turn H m Out | 3 | 2 |
| 68 | The Sham Prof ssor | 4 | 0 |
| 54 | The Two T. J's | 4 | 2 |
| 253 | The Best Cure | 4 | 1 |
| 28 | Thirty-three Next Birthday | 4 | 2 |
| 142 | Tit for Tat | 2 | 1 |
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| 5 | When Women Weep | 3 | 2 |
| 56 | Wooing Under Difficultie | 5 | 3 |
| 70 | Which will he Marry | 2 | 8 |
| 135 | Widowe 's Trials | 4 | 5 |
| 147 | Waki g Him Up | 1 | 2 |
| 155 | Why they Joined the Rebecca | 0 | 4 |
| 111 | Yankee Duelist | 3 | 1 |
| 157 | Ya kee Peddler | 7 | 3 |
| | **ETHIOPIAN FARCES.** | | |
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| 15 | An Unhappy Pair | 1 | 1 |
| 172 | Black Shoemaker | 4 | 2 |
| 98 | Black Statue | 4 | 2 |
| 222 | Colored Senators | 3 | 0 |
| 214 | Chops | 3 | 0 |
| 145 | Cuff's Luck | 2 | 1 |
| 190 | Crimps Tr p | 5 | 0 |
| 249 | Double Electi n | 9 | 1 |
| 27 | Fetter Lane to Gravesend | 2 | 0 |
| 230 | Hamlet the Dainty | 6 | 1 |
| 153 | Haunted House | 2 | 0 |
| 24 | Handy Andy | 2 | 0 |
| 236 | Hypochondriac The | 2 | 0 |
| 247 | Incompatibility of Temper | 1 | 2 |
| 77 | Joe's Vis t | 2 | 1 |
| 88 | Mischievous Nigger | 4 | 2 |
| 256 | Midnight Cake | 2 | 1 |
| 128 | Musical D rkey | 2 | 0 |
| 259 | Nobody's Make | 5 | 2 |
| 90 | No Cure No Pay | 3 | 1 |
| 61 | Not as Deaf as He Seems | 3 | 0 |
| 234 | Old Dad's Cabin | 2 | 1 |
| 150 | Old Pompey | 1 | 1 |
| 109 | Other People's Children | 3 | 2 |
| 134 | Pomp's Pranks | 2 | 0 |
| 177 | Quarrel ome Servants | 3 | 0 |
| 96 | Rooms to Let | 2 | 1 |
| 107 | School | 5 | 0 |

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| 179 | Sham Doctor | 3 | 3 |
| 94 | 16,000 Years Ago | 3 | 0 |
| 25 | Sport with a Sportsman | 2 | 0 |
| 92 | Stage Struck Darkey | 2 | 1 |
| 241 | Struck by Lightning | 2 | 2 |
| 10 | Stocks Up, Stocks Down | 2 | 0 |
| 64 | That Boy Sam | 3 | 1 |
| 252 | That Awful Carpet Bag | 3 | 3 |
| 122 | The Select School | 5 | 0 |
| 118 | The Popcorn Man | 3 | 1 |
| 6 | The Studio | 3 | 0 |
| 108 | Those Awful Boys | 5 | 0 |
| 4 | Twain's Dodging | 3 | 1 |
| 197 | Tricks | 5 | 2 |
| 198 | Uncle Jeff | 5 | 2 |
| 170 | U. S. Mail | 2 | 2 |
| 216 | Vice Versa | 3 | 1 |
| 206 | Villkens and Dinah | 4 | 1 |
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